

3

Trade in America 16.

T H E

N A R R A T I V E

O F

Mr. Ebenezer Punderfon,

M E R C H A N T ;

Who was drove away by the Rebels in America
from his Family and a very considerable for-
tune in Norwich, in Connecticut.

T O G E T H E R W I T H

Some Letters and Clauses of Letters, wrote to his
Family during his absence : Taken from his episto-
lary Journal.

L O N D O N :

Printed by R. HAWES, (No. 40.) the Corner of
Dorset-Street, Crispin-Street, Spitalfields, 1776.

12 Feb

4 Oct

1795

NARRATIVE

OF

Mr. Ebenezer Pondick,

MERCHANT,



Some Letters and Changes of Place, &c. &c. to his
Family during his absence: Taken from his copy-
book Journal.

L O N D O N

Printed by R. HARRIS, (No. 40, the Strand of
St. Dunstons, London) 1796.

THE
NARRATIVE, &c.

WHEN the Tea was destroy'd by the Bostonians, Anno 1773, it occasioned a general dispute amongst people of every quality. The Press was presently shut to all arguments but what favoured of high Whigism, and he was the best printer that put into his papers the most untruths against the King, earl Bute, lord North, and the majority in parliament; and that in the most scandalous and reproachful terms; which many well meaning people, ignorant as to the true characteristics of those personages, received for sacred truths. As my calling brought vast numbers of people to my house, I gave them my opinion freely upon every controverted point, and the authority I had for the same. I procured the clauses of the several American charters that related to our subjection and the parliament's right of taxing, together with divers acts of parliament enforcing subjection, raising subsidies, suppressing flitting mills, restraining or confining the Hatter's trade, and granting a bounty, on the other hand on many of our articles of exportation, encouraging or restraining as might best serve the general good of the whole nation. By which means I convinced great numbers that England had given America no just cause of complaint.

July, 1774. A message was sent me from Stonington, informing that they were enlisting to come and tar-feather me, and that I must immediately recant, or I should

have a visit from them. I drew up a letter in the name of the neighbouring inhabitants, representing that we were informed concerning their intentions, and that as we had ever enjoyed a peaceable and quiet neighbourhood, we should therefore resent any undue, disorderly, or riotous conduct; thinking that whoever refused to sign it, would be willing that I should be mobbed, and whoever signed, would oppose the rioters.—So it proved. I shewed it to eighty-four men, eighty of whom signed it, telling me at the same time, That they would appear on the shortest warning, and prevent any thing of that nature, even to the risk of their lives: I sealed and sent it to the sons of Liberty in *Stonington*. A captain of the standing militia hearing of the letter, sent me word, that if I should be molested he would come to my assistance, upon the shortest notice, with forty able bodied men: and great numbers besides let me know their readiness to assist me. After this the patriots could never raise a mob to come against me at my own home, till after the fight at *Lexington*, although they strove by many stratagems to do it.

In September, 1774, the New-England colonies took up arms against general Gage; which rebellious conduct I strenuously opposed, and had the satisfaction to see my neighbours stay quietly at home; for which I was called before an inquisitive mob in *Preston*. Since I had much custom from that town, I took a number of friends and appeared before them. They passed a decree that no man should trade or deal with me. After this I fell into the hands of a mob about fifty miles from home, who only abused me with provoking words and threatnings.

April 4th, 1775. I was summoned to appear before the mob's committee at *Norwich*.—I refused to attend.

April 18th, The committee proscribed me, forbidding all people to have "any intercourse or commerce whatever with me" because "I denied their authority and had drank tea since March 1st. and had said—The congress was an illegal body, and that their petition to the king was haughty, insolent, and rascally."

April

April 21st. 1775. I was at a court in *Stonington*, when the above advertisement came there, and at the same time the news of the fight at *Lexington*; which battle was so wickedly misrepresented, to the disadvantage of the British troops, that it raised a perfect frenzy in the people wherever the news went. A mob instantly gathered and were very fierce to take me, but were dissuaded by several justices of the peace then present. Word was carried to the militia, who called their God to witness, that I should be instantly drawn in quarters before the Liberty Pole. They joined the mob; and, for three hours, it was with the utmost difficulty that the said authority could keep them from violence.

April 22d. Three men (that had met that day at a muster in *Preston*) came to my house, each one not knowing of the other's coming, and told me that my life was in imminent danger, even that very instant. They were men of probity and undoubted veracity.—Early next morning I rode to *Lebanon* and waited upon *Jonathan Trumbull Esq*; governor of *Connecticut*, and told him that my life was in danger and I begged his protection. He asked me whether I had acted inimical to America? I answered no, but had constantly endeavoured to convince people that Great Britain had given America no just cause of complaint. The governor refused me any kind of protection whatever. I then begged that he would give me a pass that I might retire to *New York*, this he likewise refused. However I set off for *New York* in a road not much travelled, but was soon taken up in the town of *Colchester*, where was instantly a mob of three or four hundred people. The committee of safety were sitting, in the midst of whom *John Watrus*, a justice of the peace, was chairman, and also a representative in the assembly. After I had told them the cause of my flight, they asked me whether I would take arms and go to *Boston*, as there was a number of armed soldiers had just then joined the mob, who, being on their march to *Boston*, begged that I might be delivered up to them. I told them that I would suffer any death rather than take up arms against my king; one soldier said, Put him four rods from the people, and I will soon

put it out of his power to hurt our cause : Another says, Ay, let us take the charge of him.

I begged that I might be with the committee alone ; it was granted. I then begged of Mr. *Watrus* that he would take me under his protection and as he would attend the general assembly the next day, let me go with him, and I would beg protection from the assembly : this he refused, and said, The assembly will give you no protection. He then proposed that I should sign the continental covenant, which obliged the signers to take up arms against the king's troops &c. This I refused. Whereupon the soldiers were called in. From the violent temper that they had shewn before, and their ferocious looks now convinced me, that I might not be nice in the terms of reconciliation. I begged the committee would draw the most moderate confession that they would receive, saying, that a forced confession was no confession. The soldiers were ordered out, and a confession drawn up, rather simple than treasonable, which I signed. After nine hours spent with the said committee and mob, I was sent to the Norwich committee of inspection, under a guard, with the paper I had signed. When we had rode about 10 miles, we stopped at an Inn to refresh ourselves, where a man suspecting that he knew me, made it known after we were gone ; they then procured two extraordinary horses, upon which two men pursued us, overtook, and rode by us to town, it being 12 o'clock at night. They rallied a mob, and lay in a narrow place where we were coming. The committee were called out of their beds, and when we came there, the mob ordered us before the committee. I shewed them my confession, which they altered a little and I again signed it.

Here I was obliged to stay eight days till my confession was published in the News Papers.

Walking home in the evening of the eighth night, I fell in company with one *Bebee* who had his gun, sword, and other accoutrements with him. From his very odd address, I suspected that he intended mischief. I kept a strict eye over him, and so close to him that he could not level his gun against me ; happening to look on one side

hide a little, and suddenly on him again, his drawn sword dropt to the ground. I stopped, keeping my eye upon him till he pickt it up and put it into its sheath. I still kept close to him as we walked, watching him narrowly. When we were come against a house, he turned towards it and said, he would go in. I bade him good bye, and walked forward; when suddenly looking back, he was stopped, had put his gun in a proper position for charging and had his powder horn in his hand. I ran back to him, and told him, that since he did not go into the house, I would wait and walk with him. He returned his horn, shouldered his gun, and I kept close side of him till we overtook a lad; when *Bebee* turned to the wall under pretence to make water, and said he would overtake us. After I had walked a few steps, I stopped, and told him that I would wait for him, he had again put his gun in a proper position for charging: he stood some minutes, and finding that I would not leave him, shouldered his gun, without offering to make water, and walked with us a little way, when he suddenly clapt his gun to his face, said he could see to take good aim, and went forward upon a run. I kept my eyes upon him, till by the darkness and his distance I could see him no longer. Suspecting that he would load his gun and way-lay me, I stepped out of the road and went the rest of the way home through lots and inclosures.

A day or two after, I saw the lad, and asked him if he met with *Bebee* again that night? he told me that said *Bebee* came from behind a certain rock to him. N. B. The lad knew nothing of my suspicions. That rock was three quarters of a mile forward of where *Bebee* left me, and so situate, that had I kept the road, I must have gone within three yards of it.

I got home, where I kept close for the space of thirty nights, and upon my guard in the day, during which time my aged mother was frightened almost into fits, and my wife and children in perpetual fears.

May 28th. An Inn-holder told me, that a number of soldiers, who were the other night at his house, told him, that I had but a little time to live; for that a
number

number of them had sworn to take my life before they went to Boston, and they expected to march the next day. Whereupon, at 12 o'clock that night, I got into a small open boat and rowed myself about six leagues, intending to get into the first coasting vessel that I could find sailing to *New York* or *New Port*. The next day I was taken up by a Coaster and carried into *New Port*. I went on board his majesty's ship *Rose*, *James Wallace* Esq. commander, who was civil and kind to me. I stayed with captain *Wallace* four months, then sailed for England to pass the winter, and arrived in London Nov. 19th. 1775.

CLAUSES OF LETTERS

End of the Narrative.



SOME

LETTERS

AND

CLAUSES OF LETTERS.

LETTER I.

New-Port, July 8th 1775. Ship ROSE.

My dear Wife,

NOTHING more has happened worth notice, to this day. If you can make out these hardly intelligible lines, they very imperfectly relate the benevolence of his majesty's loyal subjects, amongst whom I reside, and at the same time deplore, how much we have undergone by those merciless, cruel rebels, and more especially the last five weeks that I was at home, and the continual danger my life was in. Yet I think we have still abundant reason to be thankful to our great Benefactor, that we are so well guarded and provided for; although it is very disagreeable to be thus separated from each other.—I rely on the same Almighty Father to protect you and our little ones, that hath hitherto preserved me, and am for ever, &c.

E. P.

LETTER II.

Prudence Island, July 30th 1775. Ship ROSE.

My dear Spouse,

T IRED of reading, I once more take my pen, to write to the partner of my joy or grief, of my good, or adverse fortune. It seems as though I were conversing with you while I write; and in spite of reason I enjoy my little partner's company, now and then making her pert observations, and at other times dropping a pearly tear, the token of a virtuous and affectionate Wife.—You remember when I return'd from town, after having suffered many things in body and mind, and had been and still was in great peril of my life, that our honoured Mother, our dear Children and ourselves were discoursing on our situation and the wicked untruths and cruelties of the Whigs.—I observ'd that I would not shift sides with Mr. — who was then upon the pinnacle of honour and popular applause, although the constitution should be overturn'd and myself put to death.—I remember that our mother, yourself and children, in no wise thought hard of my having openly avowed my loyalty; and although tears were dropping from every eye, each express'd a willingness to die with me, if the cause required it, rather than desert either their religion or their king. Often have I thought of that tender meeting, though it were only the length of one breakfast spell, it being necessary for me to return again forthwith.—I assure you I have shed many a tear, when I have reflected upon the loyalty of my family in that distress, not without a mixture of joy.—I hope that loyal spirit will always remain with my dear family, together with an entire resignation to the Divine Will, whatever may befall us in this life. My brother told me, that the Rebels were laying a plan to deprive you of the rent of our lands.—Mr. Stewart the collector told me that the Norwich committee had robbed our stores.

stores.—I hope they will not be so barbarously cruel as to deprive you of the real necessities of life.—Put your trust in Him who gave us being, to whose paternal care I commend you all, in the name of our dear Redeemer Jesus Christ.

Adieu my Charmer,

E. P.

LETTER V.

Fishes Island, August 8th 1775. Ship ROSE.

My charming Partner,

THE Boats are all on shore taking off stock for the sick at Boston. This day one of my gloomy Fits is upon me, considering that a few months ago we were in the enjoyment of an affluent living, together with each other's, and our dear childrens company, and are now deprived of that almost the greatest of terestrial blessings, and also stripped of all our worldly goods.—I trust in Him that gave us being, and hath hitherto preserved us, that he will continue so to do, and in due time bring us together again. My greatest misfortune is, that when I have these melancholy hours, I cannot be blest with your chearing conversation; confessing, as you have done heretofore, that we should be more happy in some lonely peaceful cottage, labouring with our own hands for the plain or coarser necessities of life; our dear children being all willing to quit that easy and delicate life, which they have hitherto enjoyed, and to share with their parents the miseries of poverty, and the blessings attending a virtuous life and a quiet conscience, rather than the opulence and honour acquired by rebellion. That your unparalleled virtue is tried indeed, since we parted I doubt not.—I find myself unmann'd, nor ever, till now, knew your real worth in affliction's day.

May

May God protect and strengthen you!—If these disturbances continue longer than this season, I purpose in the Fall to visit Great Britain, and winter there, as I can be neither serviceable nor comfortable here.

E. P.

LETTER VI.

New Port, August 11th 1775. Ship Rose.

My Dearest,

RUMINATING upon the distresses, and calamities that this once happy country, now labours under and what vast numbers of the King's best subjects will lose their lives and little fortunes in the conflict: I say *best*, not on account of their wisdom or riches, but in that they are the labouring part of mankind, on whose honest industry depends, under Providence, the support of all men.—My heart bleeds when I think of these poor, well-meaning, deluded wretches; because they are raised to this pitch of enthusiasm by the rich and great, who keep them from the truth, and fill their weak but innocent understandings with innumerable falsehoods.

E. P.

LETTER VII.

August 24th 1775. Ship Rose.

Dear Wife,

WE then sail'd down to *Prudence Island*, and dropt anchor to wait for the tide; in the mean

time the boat went on shore to get hay. I went myself in it and assisted;—found the poor labourer is deceived in this part of the continent in the same manner as they are with you.

LETTER VIII.

On board of a PRIZE, on our passage to *Boston*.

Sep. 10th 1775.

Dear Wife,

My spirits are very low, the winter is coming on, and I am going, I know not where, to seek winter quarters, with a heavy heart and a light purse; no friends or acquaintance but what I acquire by my conduct while with them, having never had any connexions to the eastward.—I have often thought myself almost delirious, I fear now I really shall be so. I strive to be resigned to the allwise disposer of all things, and earnestly pray that he will keep and preserve me, and not suffer me to be deprived of that faculty which only distinguishes us from the brutal creation.

Adieu my Life,

E. P.

LETTER IX.

On board a Prize Sloop, *Boston*. Sep. 16. 1775.

Mrs. Punderfon,

YOU may remember that, at the close of my last, my spirits were very low, being about to quit my old quarters in quest of new ones, with a light purse and among strangers. As my desire was to spend the winter in London, I feared that under the present situation of America, our estate would not give me credit there, to take up a sufficiency of money

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to

to support me in a moderate way. Yesterday I waited upon our worthy friend the Rev. Mr. Troutbeck: I asked his opinion, when to my astonishment, that more than father lent me a sterling bill of 50l. To paint to you my idea of that good man is more than I can do. I shall only add, that so sudden and unexpected a supply took away my sleep the ensuing night.

E. P.

LETTER X.

Boston, Sep. 27th, 1775. Prize Sloop.

My Love,

I Am now watching with a sick messmate, and having leisure, I have just read the forms of prayer appointed for the fifth of November and the thirtieth of January. I am sure, did the professors of the Church of England devoutly keep those days, there would not be a single person belonging to that blessed religion, have any hand in this wicked, and unnatural rebellion, that now rages and spreads such cruel devastations thro' the country.—As in all probability we shall have nothing to leave our children but such education as it may be in our power to give them, I have therefore wrote this night to our honoured mother to assist you in giving them some idea of the dreadful consequences attending the great rebellion in the reign of king Charles the first. Let them know how many great and good men lost their lives for being loyal to their king. Let them know how great the virtue, lightly to esteem pleasure, wealth, and even life itself, in the cause of their religion, their king and country. Give their tender minds an abhorrence to that wicked doctrine of *partial redemption* and *particular election* to eternal life, without any regard to the deeds done in the body. It is an inlet to every vice, it makes no distinction betwixt vice and virtue. I am really of opinion, that it sends more souls to hell in the British dominions, or rather
in

in that part of them where I am acquainted, than any one mode of sin, be it what it will.

The smuggling traders first began the present rebellion, although they were very devout in their religion, yet by the above tenet, they could with a quiet conscience run counter to divine and civil laws; next fell in those, who were aspiring after preferment, crying, "Liberty and Property! Your country will be enslaved!" These the giddy rabble immediately marked for *patriots*, loaded them with every post of profit and honour they had to confer; and he was the best *patriot* that would be the most open and zealous in mobs and riots. At the time when *patriots* began to rise, almost all the Printing-offices, some by compulsion, and others voluntarily, omitted every argument that called their career in question: And, to close the dismal delusion which took in our well-meaning, un aspiring, industrious people, joined the calvinistic preachers. They were very busy—early in the work, as they term it, but only in private discourse, till they found the spark had got well rooted; they then began to descant largely upon politics and personages, that they either knew little of, or wilfully subverted. Not only their sermons and prayers, but even their graces before and after meat, were full fraught with horrid rebellion which they called *glorious revolution doctrine*.—My dear, all these people are holy, the spirit of the Lord is amongst them! I affirm, that, did they not really believe in that wicked doctrine, 'tis impossible they could have acted the part they have: For in the prosecution of it, lies have been made and spread without bounds, malice and revenge have had a full share in the work, oppression, violence and cruelty have been a sweet morsel in the hands of these holy reformers, who have a mind to overthrow the whole British constitution, that they, I mean the *patriots*, may become lords, and the priests, popes.—A greater temporal curse cannot befall America, than for Great Britain to leave them to themselves, nay if she even protected them from all other nations.

I remain &c.

E. P.

LETTER XI.

Boston, Oct. 3d. 1775. Prize Sloop.

To my Daughters, *Prudence and Hannab Punderson.*

My dear Children,

AS no one can tell when it will be safe for me to return home, and it may be that the allwise disposer of all things will take me hence before I shall be permitted to see my family again, yet nevertheless these lines may come to your sight.—A little before I left home, I proposed to *Prudence*, that she and her sister were of sufficient age and capacity to be partakers of the holy sacrament. She seemed to fear that she was not pious enough for that heavenly feast. I thought best not to say much at that time, (little thinking that I should be drove from my family so soon) I will therefore now give both of you some of my sentiments upon that subject, which doubtless will be very incorrect and imperfect, (for I have been quite bewildered, ever since I left home, I cannot keep my ideas regular for the shortest space of time, and sometimes cannot spell the easiest words.) As to your unfitness, I don't mean to flatter you, but your father would think himself a happy man could he boast of having lived a life so upright and virtuous, as what you both have done hitherto. I never perceived or had reason to suspect that either of you from your infancy to this day were ever wilfully guilty of the least crime. Your secret sins are best known to yourselves (I mean if you have any wilful ones) and to your heavenly father before whose throne of mercy you are to open your hearts, and implore his forgiveness; who, though your sins be as red as scarlet, or of a crimson dye, will forgive and with open arms receive you, in and thro' the merits of his only son, our dear redeemer, Jesus Christ.—You do not think yourselves too bad to pray for the forgiveness of your sins, and to beg the Almighty's assistance,

assistance, that you may for the future live a godly, righteous, and sober life: in that you are quite in the right. Believe me, my dear children, that whoever is fit to pray, is fit to partake the sacrament; for if a man prays for the forgiveness of his sins, and at the same time intends to continue in them, or any one of them, his prayer is an abomination unto the Lord, and the supplicant is rendered much more sinful, than if he had wholly neglected his prayer. Now if the supplicant in the time of his devotion is really and cordially sorry for his sins, it is acceptable, altho' the next hour he should be overtaken in sin; for if a brother must forgive a brother until seventy times seven, how much more will the fountain of all love, and mercy forgive his returning creatures. The same may be said with respect to the holy sacrament, if ye desire eternal happiness hereafter, in and through Jesus Christ, if ye actually desire to leave your sins, ye have an undoubted right mystically to eat his body and drink his blood in remembrance of his death and passion. This participation is not only what you may do, but what you and every one that believes in Jesus Christ, and desires remission of their sins through his merits, are bound to do, by his express command. Your mother will give you books that treat upon this subject much plainer than I can. This you may rely upon, that there is nothing in this or any other christian duty, that will deprive you of any reasonable diversion and amusement; but the more religious you are, and the more carefully you observe every divine precept, the greater will be your pleasure and satisfaction in your innocent pursuits.

Believe not the calvinists, when they tell you, that you must not approach that heavenly feast, until you are irresistibly changed, and become a new creature, in such wise that you can never fall away. If there be any that ever arrive to such a state while living, what need have they of the sacraments? For tis certain, that they were instituted for our help, that we may thereby be enabled to persevere to our life's end. Of all men the apostle Paul must have arrived to that absolute estate after his conversion, if any meer man ever

did. Yet he saith, "I keep my body in subjection; least while I preach to others, I myself become a cast-away." If you ponder this doctrine of election and predestination, without any regard to the deeds done in the body, wherein they tell you that you can do nothing until you are irresistibly changed, and that after you are, you can never fall away. Common sense will tell you, that it wholly subverts and overthrows every part and branch of christian duty. And now, my dear children, I commend you and all the family to our great creator, the allwise disposer of all things, and subscribe myself your affectionate and tender father,

E. P.

LETTER XII.

Boston, Oct. 3d. 1775. Prize Sloop.

To *Ebenezer Punderson, junior,*

My dear son,

YOU are now deprived of your father's presence, and inspection, you never had an opportunity to be at school till lately, and now you are deprived of that.—You have seen those who take pleasure in propagating lies, invented to ruin your father, uncle and their families, you see nature itself almost inverted. From whence springs all this confusion? From rebellion; which hath for some months actually existed around you. Wherefore, as I may never see you again in this life, I will give you a short preservative against it, as under it is couched and by it a door is opened to almost every sin. With great truth the scripture saith, that *rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft*. Consider the Bees; they will fight for their king with the utmost of their power, but when they lose him, you may handle them in abundance, and they will not sting you, nor will they afterwards come to any thing, tho' you attend them ever so carefully; their little constitution being broke, they become heartless, they presently scatter and dwindle to nothing.

Next

Next, my child, think of the Indians and Negroes: nothing can alienate those ignorant, barbarous and swarthy people from their prince; they live and die in his defence, and in the defence of their constitution. How many of those savage people, when in battle, fighting beside their royal master, and seeing an arrow coming from the enemy directed to their king, have sprang between, and received the deadly weapon in their own breast, thinking themselves (and that rightly) doubly blest in saving their royal master's life at the expence of their own.—But lastly, and above all, consult the sacred scriptures; and there you will find, in every page that treats any thing relating to the king and the obedience due to him and his ministers that hold authority under him, that *obedience* is strictly enjoined upon the subject. You will there find, that kings are of divine institution, and that rebellion is one of the blackest crimes. If you read the epistle for the fifth of November, you will find the subjects duty to their king and governors, with the reasons given for it, in much plainer terms than I can possibly express.—My son, consider, and reason seriously upon things, read carefully, and pray to almighty God to give you wisdom, that you may know and understand what is right, and obtain grace to practice accordingly.

Happy are they, and only they.

Who from God's judgments never stray,

Who know what's right, nor only so

But always practice what they know.

From the above, my son, you'll perceive that the savage and brutal creation, nay even nature itself shudders at the thought of rebellion. And shall we, who have greater powers of mind, together with the assistance of the holy scriptures, and our pure religion, rush headlong into rebellion, and say we have done no harm? God forbid!—They'll tell you “that the king hath broke his coronation oath, and that he and the parliament have made unconstitutional laws.”—Now 'tis easy to support the equitableness of each law they complain of, and also to clear his majesty of the charge
they

they wickedly alledge against him, by demonstrative, unanswerable arguments, for each law and charge by itself. However I shall only hint to you one that solves all at once; to wit, that the quintessence of the constitution is contained in the three branches of the realm, (viz.) the king, the lords, and the commons, which commons are virtually THE PEOPLE; for that they represent the whole body of people in the British empire; therefore whatever law is made by the united concurrence of these three branches is constitutional and must be allowed to be so. 'Tis true, they may make a law that shall be hurtful in its consequences, but it does not follow from thence that, that law was unconstitutionally made. It only follows that when those three branches are sensible of its impolicy, they will repeal it. So likewise if the parliament, which represents the whole nation and is composed of those branches, say, that the king's oath is not broken, — it is not; and it is perfect madness for two or three people to set up their notes and run counter to the whole nation. "But, say they, the majority in parliament are bribed, and the whole is corrupt." — A high charge! However, admit it for trial: Shall we rise in rebellion, and be guilty of the blackest crime, because our rulers are corrupt? By no means. Our constitution provides a sinless remedy; (viz.) to chuse better men next time. "But, say they, as soon as new ones are chosen, they also will be corrupted by bribery." Admitted: In that case remember, that the scripture saith, *When the wicked bear rule, the people mourn*; it no where saith, Turn rebels. — But what proof is there of all this corruption they talk of? Nothing more than a few disaffected people in Great Britain, and a number of smuggling traders, aspiring malcontents, and calvinistic preachers in America: and, what is enough to put any thinking American to the blush, is their assurance in calling themselves the bulk of the nation, and stigmatizing the king and parliament with every reproach that their malice and wicked hearts can invent.

My dear child, I want to write to you more on this, as well as other subjects, but my thoughts are so confused that I cannot. I still therefore at this time only
 desire

desire you to read carefully the history of our blessed Saviour, and learn from thence your duty in every occurrence of life; there you will find amongst all other duties, that of obedience to our lawful rulers exemplified even to a wonder:—there you will find Him that was God as well as man, wholly subject in every punctilio to the authority that then existed, which acted unconstitutionally if ever any did: They were of another nation; they were cruel, and tyrannical without bounds.—We complain of a Three-penny duty; (which, in fact, is a Nine-penny profit;) and have rushed in open rebellion on the account.—But how did our blessed Saviour behave, when tribute was most unconstitutionally required of him? Did he rebel and call myriads of angels to his assistance, as it was in his power to have done? No; He demonstrated that their demand was unconstitutional, and then paid the tribute. Mat. xvii, 24, 25, 26, and 27, and after having spent a life of above thirty years in submission to the authority then existing, would not rebel, tho' it were to save his own blessed life, which he tamely suffered his rulers to take from him, in the most ignominious manner, rather than be disobedient to the powers which were ordained of God.—Now, that this same God, in and for the sake of this same Jesus Christ, may ever protect, and keep you in the right way, is the constant prayer of your tender and affectionate Father,

E. P.

L E T T E R X I I I .

PRIZE SLOOP, *Boston*, Oct. 4th 1775.To *Clarina*, *Martha*, and *Sylvia Punderson*.

My dear Children,

YOU are my three youngest children that can have either sensible pleasure in your Father's presence, or feel grief for his absence. The frights and cruel ideas that your tender minds have been impress'd with
for

for a considerable time before I left home will not suddenly be erased out of your memories, most likely not while you live: your tender age will not admit of rational arguments at this time to convince you of your duty towards God, your superiors, your inferiors and equals.—But thus much I must tell you, that it was wicked men and women that made all this difficulty; and they were wicked, because their religion was not good, and because they did not read the Bible and the Prayer Book, nor mind their duty to their parents.—Now, my children, I charge you to say your prayers often; learn your books; and learn to do all sorts of works that you can.—Play not with naughty girls, nor learn any of their bad tricks. And, that God Almighty may raise you up in his love and fear, protect, and bless you, is the fervent prayer of your affectionate Father,

E. P.

P. S. I shall not write to *Cyrus*, and *Ephraim* till I arrive in England; and when I do, I hope *Cyrus* will be able to read it to *Ephraim*. May the Lord take them under his Almighty Protection!

PRIZE SLOOP, *Boston*, Oct. 4th 1775.

To Mr. *Cyrus Punderfon*, Surgeon, at *Long Island*.

My dear Brother,

I Have not wrote to you since I left home. 'Tis not for want of fraternal love. Often very often have I thought of you, and that with great pleasure; since as I have but one brother, that he hath not only been brotherly and good heretofore; but hath withstood the allurements and wicked devices of rebels, even to that degree as to render his habitation unsafe.—When I left home; I hoped they would never molest you, as you had always been reserved; but I find that no man may dwell amongst them that hath any shew of goodness. I have heard of your escape from them,

and

and how difficult it was. I rejoice with you in your escape ; may God protect and bless you !

I hope our few intimate friends that we have left on the side of government will not be led away by those seducers of the times.—We may, I think with propriety, compare these times, with those spoken of in St. Matthew, where we are forewarned of false prophets and false Christs, of whom it is asserted, that were it possible they would deceive the very elect.—

—Methinks it would be pleasing, if we and our few remaining friends could once again enjoy each other's company ; however, when, or whether we ever shall, God Almighty only knows.—I wish you well ; may every blessing and happiness attend you while in this life, but more especially a never-fading crown of glory in that which is to come.

Your loving brother,

E. P.

How happy once the life I led :

Alas ! where are those pleasures fled ?

Respect, esteem, from all I found,

And love, and friendship smil'd around.

In peace, and joy, and sweet content,

My blissful moments, then I spent ;

But now, sad change ! I'm doom'd to bear,

Flight, and contempt, and gloomy care ;

Respect I now no longer find,

Nor calm serenity of mind.

Life's gayest prospects clouded o'er,

And my past joys, I now deplore.

But yet let grief, and murm'ring cease,

Hush'd be my passion, into peace,

A faithful few do still remain,

Who share my grief, and ease my pain ;

Whose humane, gen'rous, open hearts

In every sorrow, bear their parts ;

They with soft pity, sooth my soul to rest,

And in their friendships, I am ever blest

London, Feb. 14th 1775.

My dear Wife,

I Am now preparing for America: intending to join the King's forces and help to conquer the rebels or die in the attempt. I am sensible that my taking up arms and hazarding my life by land, and sea, tends to make me appear in the eyes of strangers, as being little of despicable. But when I consider that I am of no service, while in this exile, to myself, King, or country; and when I further consider, how the rebels of every rank esteem nothing mean that tends to gain their point, and spare no pains or expence, but do freely hazard, not only their fortunes and lives, but even eternal happiness:—I say, when I consider these things, I cannot with a quiet conscience, drone-like, spend my time in this city, when the virtue of the whole nation ought to be in exercise, and every subject lend a willing hand, to suppress those daring rebels.

I have left with the Rev. Mr. *Peters*, the sterling bill of fifty pounds, that the Rev. Mr. *Troutbeck* lent me, to be returned to him again, he being now upon his passage to this place, with his family, and therefore, most likely will have need of it himself. I will go moneyless, and by that means friendless, into the war, rather than discommodate so worthy a man. My dear, most likely I shall not live to see you again: if I do not, Put our children in mind that their father seal'd the truth of the principles he would inculcate in them, with his own blood.——The Rev. Mess. *Troutbeck* and *Peters*, and Dr. *Cyrus Ponder*, will assist you in laying your case before administration, who will, I hope, make good the damages we may sustain by the rebels; or at least take care that our family may not want bread. May the King of kings keep and preserve you, and all the family, is the constant prayer of your loving, but broken hearted husband.

E. P.

F I N I S.